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The Plague Doctor



horror

mystery

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Chapter 1 by Skeld

As I woke up today, I knew I had to share this...this burden with you, dear reader. I am but a humble and honest apothecary, unlike these pretenders and deceivers. These devils who do nothing more than provide false treatments for material gold. Although, the state provides them fees for their service, they still suck the money out of our customers. I watch them, these false prophets, "curing" the children of God.

Forgive me, my mind wanders. I do not know why I am even sharing this. I was always different than others when I was growing up. I used to have dreams (and occasionally, still do) which came true in the

near future. I always kept it a secret, though. But, this damned Plague has caused me to lose my calm. With everyone evacuating Marseille to settle in Crakow leaving behind the infected. I cannot abandon these children of God. It is my duty to take care and save as many as I humanly can.

So, as I stand in the middle of the muddy streets, I inhale the camphor, myrrh, storax and cloves that are in my mask to filter the outside air. I hear a little boy coughing and I turn to see him and I wish I did not. For I can foresee him sitting in the lap of God tomorrow, which is good, but for the

pain and torment he has to suffer before getting there. God. Only He knows why we are here. We are sinful but we are trying to be good. Aren't we? Then I walk, that is not God's wish but Satan's mischief. Oh Lord save us. I walk towards the boy. "Hel, help me." He says as he slips into unconsciousness.

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I let out a sigh.As I look around I can foresee who will live and who won't.

And I say this truly that I will try my fullest to save these people.

I, Michel de Nostradame, vow to warn mankind of such future calamities, if they heed my warning.

It is now night, and I sit by my study and ponder till I suddenly realize how much of a fool I am. This not Satan's doing. It is one of us. Then, suddenly I am hit by a vision. I see a man in a dark dingy room, feeding some rats a vile purplish concoction. Then, he felt my presence and turned towards me. I stared at him, not daring to speak.

His face was hideous. On his back he had a small and faint lump. He grinned at me and said "Ah, there you are. I have been looking for you. HA!"

now I found someone who is almost equal in my power. So, I dare you to stop me. IF YOU CAN." in his raspy voice. Then, the vision ended but the war had just begun.

Chapter 2 by NadiApple



I felt shaky, but just a bit. What did he mean by "equal to my power?" Who the hell was he to talk to me like that? Of course I could stop him. except, were those rats in my vision? I won't think about it too much. I mean, was only nine years old when it happened, it's not like I could do anything to help them. Is hake my head to dispel any images of that night and continue walking. I see a woman holding her son, a baby, they both have the plague. They both won't survive the hour. She opens her eyes, startlingly blue, and knows what I know. A single tear leaks from her eye and she closes her eyes, possibly for the last time. I take a deep breath to calm myself, closing my eyes. And then another vision hit.

Chapter 3 by Japhet



'Do not touch! Do not mingle! Save your self! You know the drill!' A peculiar vision of my departed mother rammed my vision. 'You are your own. Saving others is not of paramount! You are no God! YOU ARE NOT GOD!'

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The sound of mourning bell need not to remind us that someone succumbed to death. The cliched cries of mothers to their child's death, the fathers to their sons, husbands to their wives, is no less than an agonizing relic to us doctors, that we have let half the village die.

'Yes! Exactly!' Echoed the raspy voice. 'I can read your thoughts, I feel your remorse. And it is making me alive!'

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